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EULOGY DELIVERED AT FUNERAL OF AMBASSADOR ~~ADOLPH DUBS~~
BY MARSHALL D. SHULMAN

Fort Myer Memorial Chapel
Fort Myer, Va., Feb 20, 1979

Mary Ann, Lindsay, Mrs. Carter, Mr. Vice President,
Mr. Secretary, Your Excellencies, Members of the Diplomatic
Corps, dear friends all:

I shall try to voice our feelings about Spike Dubs.
No one, to my knowledge, from his university days ever
called him anything but Spike, and so it is of Spike I
speak today.

In the stillness of this moment, we are each of us
profoundly alone with our feelings, our memories, and our
thoughts of the meaning of life and the mystery of death;
those ultimate thoughts which are crowded aside in our
daily lives by the going and comings with which we lay
waste our powers. But we are also together, by wise and
immemorial custom, to take comfort in the ancient words,
the familiar words, we have just heard, and to give such
consolation to each other as lies within our power to give.
Together in these few days, we have passed from disbelief
through shock and anger to grief. Today we pass to
affirmation.

Affirmation. Some of you are here because of the way
he died, to show solidarity; some are here because of the
way he lived. Although his death is an episode in a time

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of violence, a reminder that mankind still inhabits but a small clearing in the jungle of the human condition, Spike's life is all the more illumined as a shining affirmation of the qualities of civility, of tolerance, of compassion and of love. By the manner in which he lived, Spike affirmed that the better side of man's nature will, however slowly, however painfully, be realized on earth. His faith gave meaning to his life; his example inspires us to realize our nobler selves. We would therefore demean his spirit if we were in our anger at the circumstances of his death to allow ourselves to become dehumanized by the dark side of man's nature in the effort to overcome it.

These words would have seemed pretentious to Spike. With that wry and self-deprecating smile of his, he would have said: "Come on, Professor, let's not be so solemn." Permit me to say with pride that at one time Spike was my student. I was just beginning to teach then, and in truth, Spike knew more than I did, but he was considerate enough to pretend otherwise. What made Spike so superb in the field of his special competence, the study of the Soviet Union, was that he had the two qualities most needed for the subject -- a sterling character and a sturdy psyche. He had that inner gyroscope that kept him steady through frustrations, never letting his personal ego get in the way of his cool professionalism, whatever may have been the conflicting emotions he felt, never losing his own secure sense of values.

These are supreme qualities to be found in a diplomat who finds himself at the point where these two very different societies come into contact with each other.

During the period from January 1973 until February 1974, when Spike served as our Chargé in Moscow -- thirteen months of alternating frustration and dramatic change -- Spike's unflappable good humor and common sense represented the American character as we wish we were more often. As a negotiator, Spike's style was irresistible. His firm persistence was accompanied by a good-natured twinkle of the eye. And if the positions he advanced were not accepted, he would react with such disarming incredulity that solemnity was often as not dissolved before Spike's human touch.

From his staff, Spike evoked fierce loyalty. He cared about them and they gave him their best. Some days he played softball with the Marines, so they felt part of the family. He was, by the way, a natural athlete, and at one time considered becoming a professional golfer. At Christmas time, when he headed the office of Soviet Affairs, he had the staff at his house and played hymns on the piano while they sang, perhaps some of the same hymns we had today. His way was so calm and relaxed that few realized how little he spared himself or his family in his serious devotion to his work.

In short, he was a superb example of the best traditions of the Foreign Service. In Frankfurt, Monrovia, Ottawa, Moscow, Belgrade, Washington, as well as in Kabul, he served

the nation for almost thirty years with high professional competence, with courage, and with human warmth and decency. The occasion reminds us that the nation does not give sufficient recognition to the dedicated men and women who serve us with the devotion so exemplified by Spike's career. The hazards they endure are becoming commonplace, but their fortitude is no less manifest in the dogged devotion they give to a country which does not realize how much our role in the world depends upon a skilled and experienced diplomatic service.

Spike was a pro. He showed stoicism in the face of the inevitable frustrations. He knew the hazards he was facing in what proved to be his last assignment and he faced them with quiet guts. At the occasion of his swearing-in, a little less than a year ago, Spike closed with a vision he had -- the vision of the earth as seen by astronauts, that planet so suffering, so tormented. It was his vision that he could in his way, in the service he chose, contribute in some small measure to the easement of human conflict on earth.

He lived a good life, a full life, a useful life. He loved and was loved. His monument will be the enduring memory of a faith expressed in thirty years of service to the best that is the American spirit. In that gentle spirit of nature, which he gave us all, we who have been privileged to know him will be forever enriched by his life and his memory will remain alive in us for all on earth.